JANE ARDEN

NED BRANT

BIG TOP

MOUNTED

RANGE KEANE

DIXIE DUGAN

FEATURE COMICS

MARCH

LALA PALOOZA

STOP THIEF!! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE THE *DOLL MAN!*

MICKEY FINN

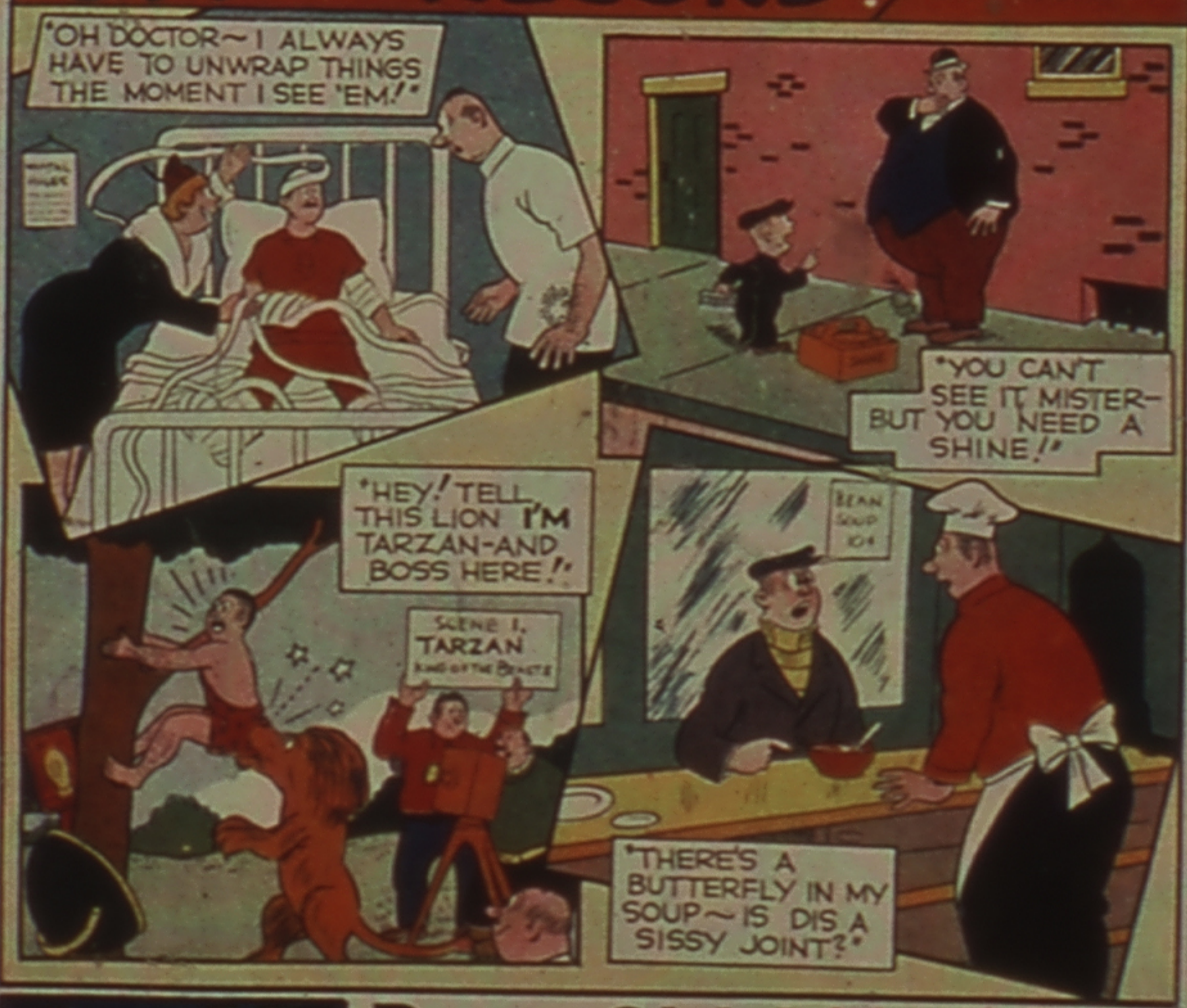
SPIN SHAW

CAPTAIN FORTUNE

No. 30
10c

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OFF THE RECORD By ED REED.





Boys--Girls! Solve this Puzzle!

It's Fun--Try It!

In this picture are several Fairyland Characters, and just below are the names of each. Can you name them? It's easy! Untangle the letters and put them in order so that each word is the name of one of the story book folks. For example, the letters "RPTEE APN." No. 2, when placed in right order spell "PETER PAN." You see him in the picture with his pipes playing a jolly tune.

1. TELTIL OB-EPEP
2. RPTEE APN
3. YHTUPM YD'LUMP
4. EDR GNIIDR CDHD
5. CAKJ NAD IILJ

Every Junior Salesman Gets a Candy Bank

If you can give me the correct name of each one in this happy family and you become a member of the Junior Sales Club, I will tell you how to get this Candy Bank Free.

This Bank is full of chocolate bars. When you drop a penny in the bank, you can then pull open the drawer and there will be a delicious chocolate bar wrapped in tinfoil waiting for you. A key comes with each bank so that you can refill it with chocolate bars when empty.



When You Solve the Puzzle

Try to be the first one to send in the correct answer. Start working the puzzle this very minute. See if you can solve it. Write the names of the Fairyland Characters on a penny post card or a sheet of paper. Then sign your own name and address, and give your age. Every boy and girl who sends in the correct answer to this puzzle and joins my Junior Sales Club will have an opportunity to get the Bank FREE. Send your correct answer to:

BILLY WADE, JUNIOR SALES CLUB 103, TOPEKA, KANSAS

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THE CLOCK STRIKES

A COMPLETE STORY

BY GEO. E. BRENNER

BRIAN O'BRIEN, WHO PLAYS THE ROLE OF THE FAMOUS CLOCK, HEADS HIS CAR OUT OF THE CITY FOR A SHORT VACATION—

AT THE SAME TIME, SPEEDING IN THE SAME DIRECTION, A GOVERNMENT AGENT CARRIES THE SECRET INDUSTRIAL MOBILIZATION PLANS OF THE COUNTRY TOWARD WASHINGTON—

LOOK AT THIS FOOL—DRIVING ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ROAD!

HE'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR ME— WE'LL———

TURNING THE WHEEL SHARPLY TO AVOID A COLLISION, THE AGENT SMASHES THROUGH A RAILING AND TUMBLES DOWN AN EMBANKMENT—

CRASH!!

AND SOON THE CLOCK SEES THE SAME WILD DRIVER BEARING DOWN ON HIM—

IS THIS FELLOW CRAZY—HE'LL HIT ME FOR SURE!—I'LL PULL OVER AND GIVE HIM THE WHOLE ROAD——IF THAT'S WHAT HE WANTS——WHAT TH'!——HE'S STILL COMING AT ME—

QUICKLY THE CLOCK TURNS OFF THE MOTOR AND JUMPS OUT OF THE CAR—

THAT'S FUNNY—— NO CRASH———AND YET———

—I SAW THOSE HEADLIGHTS COMING DIRECTLY AT ME———BUT NO CAR WENT BY——— THIS BEARS INVESTIGATION! WHAT'S THAT——!?





AND THE CLOCK DASHES DOWN THE EMBANK-MENT...





WITH HIS THOUGHTS ONLY FOR THE VICTIM OF THE ACCIDENT, THE CLOCK IS AN EASY TARGET FOR HIS ATTACKER -



A HALF HOUR LATER... THE CLOCK REGAINS CONSCIOUS-NESS -







THE MIRROR'S GONE TOO--- WHAT'S THAT?

CIGARETTE STUBS-- WITH THE INITIALS C.A.V.- PROBABLY A SPECIAL BLEND-

IT'S TIME THE CLOCK WENT INTO ACTION--AND FIRST I MUST TRACE THOSE CIGARETTES-

HAVING CHANGED HIS CLOTHES, THE CLOCK STARTS OUT TO RUN DOWN THE ONLY CLUE HE HAS FOUND-

NO SIR-I DIDN'T BLEND THIS BECAUSE THERE IS A TYPE TOBACCO IN IT THAT ONLY ONE FIRM IN THE CITY IMPORTS.....THESE WERE PROBABLY MADE BY BLAU BLENDS INC.-

THANK YOU-

BLAU BLENDS INC. TOBACCO

SO! CARL ADOLF VOSS HAS HIS SMOKES MADE TO ORDER, EH?

LATE PAPER, MISTER?

YES, SON-

F.B.I. MAN MISSING

CAR AND AGENT VANISH COMPLETELY...NO CLUES FOUND.

...WAS CARRYING SECRET INDUSTRIAL MOBILIZATION PLANS TO WASHINGTON.

THE COUNTRY'S MAIN PRODUCTION PLANTS COULD BE DESTROYED IN TWENTY FOUR HOURS WITH THIS INFORMATION

FEDERAL MEN MASS FOR WAR ON FOREIGN AGENTS.

CARL VOSS!!--I GET IT --- IT'S SABOTAGE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE CLOCK IS IN FRONT OF VOSS'S APARTMENT-

HERE'S A DOLLAR, SON- DELIVER THIS TO MR. VOSS...AND DON'T WAIT FOR AN ANSWER-

ONCE MORE THE CLOCK IS ABOUT TO STRIKE...

I'VE GOT ABOUT THREE MINUTES TO GET UP THERE--

...AND HE STARTS UP THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING..

MEAN-WHILE... VOSS HAS RECEIVED THE CLOCK'S MESSAGE

HURTZ-- LOOK!!-

CARL VOSS

THE CLOCK

...LL STRIKE AT 12 P.M. SHARP.

HE WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE--I WILL GET THE PLANS AND WE WILL GO!!

HURRY, CARL- I HEARD OF HIM--HE'S TOUGH!

AH—THERE HE IS!!

REACH, MR. VOSS!

WHAT TH?-I- I'M NOT VOSS!

NEVER MIND THAT— WHERE ARE THOSE PLANS??

NOW—WHERE ARE THOSE PLANS?

IN THAT LEATHER CASE!

GOOD—THEY'RE ALL HERE?

THINKING THE CLOCK IS OFF GUARD, HURTZ TRIES TO ESCAPE.

COME BACK, YOU FOOL!

AND THE CLOCK NOW PRESSES A CONCEALED SPRING IN HIS CANE— THE HEAD FLIES OFF AND STOPS THE SPY IN HIS TRACKS...

UGH!

THE NEXT MORNING'S MAIL

TWO INTERNATIONAL SPIES HELD IN AGENTS' DEATH.

SECRET PLANS RECOVERED.

MYSTERIOUS PHONE CALL TIPS F.B.I. AGENTS WHERE TO FIND THE KILLERS.

A CARD SIGNED ONLY "THE CLOCK STRUCK" WAS FOUND PINNED TO THE COAT LAPEL OF EACH MAN.

Another exciting adventure of The Clock in the April issue of FEATURE COMICS

JANE ARDEN

YOU WOULD

JANE, I'M GOING TO LIKE THIS LAKE--- SEE THE MEN?

I WISH ONE OF THESE MANY MEN WOULD HELP US--

SAY--- THAT GAL HAS HER OWN MAID! SHE MUST BE RICH--

I CAN'T SEE THE MAID BEHIND THE BUNDLES!

WELL, NO MATTER WHAT THE MAID IS LIKE YOU CAN HAVE HER--- I'LL TAKE THE BLONDE!

SHE IS SWELL --IT'S TOO BAD THAT SHE'S ONLY A MAID!

HMM--- GET A LOOK AT THAT PRETTY MAID!!

SEE--- THOSE MEN STARE AT US AS THOUSH WE WERE MONEY FROM HOME!

AND HOW!

DON'T BE A GROUCH JANE--- IT'S NICE TO BE ADMIRED!

WELL--- WE SURE GET ADMIRATION HERE, SISTER!

I'M NOT SORRY I CAME!

OHH--- LOOK!! THE BLONDE HAS DROPPED HER PURSE!

HEY LADY!! YOU--- YOU

THAT'S A CRUDE TRICK SUE--- HERE I'LL PICK IT UP---

HERE--- I'LL GET IT--- OOOUCH!

WELL, I'LL SOON SEE IF I KIN GET REAL MONEY FER THIS HERE RELIEF CHECK!

THERE'S A BANK RIGHT AHEAD!

OLD REB PERKISER IS GOING TO SEE IF HE CAN CASH HIS CHECK

YA SAY THIS'S A BANK--- BUT ALL AH SEE IS A LOT OF FOOL HEN COOPS!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE

MISTER, YOU'LL HAVE TO INDORSE THIS!

BUT, WE IS ALL INDOORS NOW, SUH!

C'MAWN, LENA--- SIGN IT FER ME---

YOU CAN JUST MAKE YOUR MARK, REB---

THERE YOU ARE, SIR--- $4.84 IN CASH!

CASH!! HEY--- THIS BE JUST PART PAPER! AN' AH WANT HONEST "HARD" MONEY!

REB, THOSE PAPERS ARE DOLLAR BILLS --THEY'RE GOOD---

I SAY THEM IS OLD STYLE AN' NOT MONEY!

HERE, MISTER--- I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU IN SILVER---

JANE ARDEN

OHHH—MY HEAD!! I FEEL THAT I'LL NEVER TOUCH ANY KIND OF A PURSE AGAIN!

ME TOO!!

I'LL HELP THE LADY UP—

OKAY—OKAY!

WHAT A MESS JANE MADE OF MY PLAN TO MEET HIM!!

?

WHEW—WE SORT OF FELL FOR EACH OTHER DIDN'T WE! HA-HA-HA!

POOR JANE—BUT IT WAS SO NICE OF YOU TOO—

AND ALL I GET FOR TRYING TO SAVE IT IS A HEADACHE!

BOY!! LOOK AT HIM PUT IT ON!

BEING HURT WAS SUCH A PLEASURE!

WHO IS THAT MAN, SUE?

ALL I KNOW IS HE'S A BIG SMOOTHIE!

BUT HE'S SOME STUFF I'LL SAY!

DON'T WORRY—YOU CAN HAVE HIM—BUT HIS FACE LOOKED FAMILIAR TO ME FOR SOME REASON!

MAYBE YOU'VE SEEN HIS PHOTO ON THE SOCIETY PAGE!

WE'LL TAKE A DIP—AND I'LL KNOW ALL ABOUT HIM BY DINNER!!

BOY!! BOTH GALS ARE SWELL AREN'T THEY!

YES—BUT THAT BLONDE HAS THE DOUGH—SO SHE'S MINE!!

SUE ISN'T LOSING ANY TIME IN GETTING TO KNOW HIM—

—AND I WONDER WHERE I'VE SEEN HIM—

BRRR—I WISH I HAD THAT GUY'S NERVE!

WOW! SO THEY DID GIMME HARD MONEY FER THAT FOOL PAPER!

BUT THAT WAS A CHECK—LIKE THESE—

HERE, GIMME THESE LIL PAPERS—WE'S WASTIN' TIME!

FER'S CAN HARDLY YET BELIEVE THE GOOD LUCK

HEY—I WANT MORE MONEY FER THESE!

BUT THESE ARE BLANK CHECKS—

WHUT CHOO—I WANT HARD MONEY FER MY PAPER SLIPS—QUICK!!

THEY'RE NO GOOD 'TIL THEY'RE SIGNED!!

I'LL PUT A HAND ON YA!!

NO!!—UNCLE SAM GAVE YOU THE—

LAST CHECK, AN' HE BACKED IT UP WITH HIS HONEY!

THAT'S SILLY—MY UNCLE SAM DIED 14 YEARS AGO!!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE

JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russell H. Ross

S-SAY--- YOU TWO LOOK VERY HAPPY!

NOW, NO WISE CRACKS MY BOY! DON'T WE MAKE A HANDSOME COUPLE?

WHO IS THIS PERSON?

W-WHERE IS YOUR M-MAID?

MY M-MAID!

WHY! SHE WOULD NEVER LOOK AT YOU!

HA-HA! WAIT'LL I TELL JANE THAT!

HUH? DID I SAY SOMETHING WRONG??

PLEASE DON'T TELL HER I SAID SOMETHING STUPID-- JUST INTRODUCE ME AND--

OHH!! HA-HA--HA!!!

IT WILL BE A GOOD JOKE ON JANE IF SHE HAS TO MEET HIM!

YOU WON'T INTRODUCE THAT SAP TO JANE, WILL YOU?

NO-WE'LL JUST TELL HIM SHE'S CRAZY TO MEET HIM? AND--

IT'LL BE A CURTAIN WHEN SHE TURNS HIM DOWN WHEN HE GOES TO HER!

WHY YES--- ONLY THIS AFTERNOON JANE SAID SHE'D JUST LOVE TO MEET YOU!

HA HA!

LOOK AT THE POOL! WATCH JANE EXPLODE IN HIS FACE!!

H-HE'S SLAPPING HER BACK!

WHY--HELLO!! I'VE LOOKED FORWARD TO KNOWING YOU! YES SIR--

SSH!

HEY, FOLKS--YA OUGHTA SEE TH' MONEY STORE IN TOWN--THEY CALL IT A BANK!

SAKES ALIVE!

AH DECLARE!! HARD MONEY!

YEP--FER A BIT OF PAPER, TOO!

I SAY THET NEW STRANGER WHO GIVED IT IS A PLAIN GHOST!

NONSENSE! THAT FELLA IS A FEDERAL MAN WHO GAVE YOU YOUR RELIEF CHECK!

-AND IT CAME RIGHT FROM UNCLE SAM!

DID'JA HEAR THET?

H-HALP!! ANY MAN WHUT COME FUM YO' UNCLE SAM IS RISEN FUM DEATH, RES!

SHO!! UNCLE SAM IS DAID 14 YEARS!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE

JANE ARDEN

by Dave Breger and Russell E. Ross

THANK YOU, CLARENCE

GOSH, IT'S SURE NICE THE WAY YOU'VE TREATED ME SO FRIENDLY LIKE--- I NEVER FELT SO MUCH AT HOME!

IT'S SUCH A RELIEF TO MEET A NICE, MODEST MAN— WHERE ARE YOU FROM?

WHY I LIVE HERE— I OWN THE HOTEL!

AND WHO IS THIS OTHER MAN, TIM SOUTHERN? I'VE SEEN HIS FACE SOMEPLACE BEFORE!

OH, HE'S ONE OF THE GUESTS—HE'S BEEN UP HERE BEFORE BUT HE GREW A MUSTACHE SINCE HIS LAST VISIT---

HMM— THAT WOULD CHANGE HIS LOOKS!

SO!! IF JANE LIKES THAT OLD FATTY SHE'D GO FOR A NIFTY GUY LIKE ME IN A BIG WAY— WE'LL SEE!!

WELL— IF IT ISN'T BEAUTY AND THE BEAST AGAIN!

YES—AND I SUPPOSE ALL WE NEED NOW IS A HANDSOME PRINCE!

SURE!! THAT IS WHO I'M HERE!

LET'S MOVE, CLARENCE— IT'S STUFFY HERE!

SO!! YOU GIVE ME THE "GO-BY" FOR HIM, HUH? SHOWS HOW MUCH YOU KNOW!!

WHY, TIM!! THERE YOU ARE!! I'VE JUST—

YES! HERE I AM—AND I JUST TOLD THAT SNOOTY JANE WHERE TO GET OFF!! BOY—DID I TELL HER!

CONTINUED

BUT, REB— I DON'T MEAN THAT MAN FETCHED YOUR RELIEF CHECK FROM YOUR DEAD UNCLE SAM— I MEAN THE GOVERNMENT!

THAT'S RIGHT— I'M FROM THE GOVERNMENT!

HOW D'THEY OWE ME!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE

W-WHY, THERE'S BEEN OVER PRODUCTION—SO YOU ARE PAID TO KEEP LAND IDLE!

W-WHUT?! IF THET'S SO YO' OWES US FER YEARS AN' YEARS!! MY FARM HAS ALWEEZ BEEN IDLE!

BUT YOU MUST BE SIGNED UP IN ADVANCE!

WHY CAN'T YO' WRITE OUT NO LITTLE CHECKS

YEAH!! AN' WE'LL ALL GO TA TH' BANK FER HARD MONEY!

OKAY—IF YOU INSIST, JUST GET SOME PAPER---

Jane Arden is continued in the April issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale February 28th.

REYNOLDS of the MOUNTED

ART PIALJAU

UP THE WATERS OF GREAT BEAR LAKE COME REYNOLDS AND CONSTABLE BURTON, BOUND FOR MOOSE CREEK...

WE'RE ALMOST THERE, BURTON— KEEP ALONG THE SHORE!

YES SIR!

THE YUKON MINING COMPANY IS SHIPPING FOUR THOUSAND OUNCES OF GOLD DUST TO THEIR BANK IN NUGGET CITY... AND THEY'RE AFRAID OF A HOLDUP — BUT THEY HAVE A PLAN — THAT'S WHERE I COME IN—

THEIR PLAN IS TO SEND A FAKE SHIPMENT CONSISTING OF ORDINARY ROCKS BY THE USUAL STEAMER, WHILE I TAKE THE REAL GOLD BY CANOE!!!

IN THAT WAY THE HOLDUP MEN WILL BE FOOLED COMPLETELY!!

IT SOUNDS LIKE AN OLD TRICK, SERGEANT!

EXACTLY, BURTON — TOO OLD TO SUIT ME — AND THAT'S WHERE YOU FIT IN — YOU'RE GOING TO BE VERY BUSY FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS, CONSTABLE!!

JUST LEAD ME TO IT, SIR!

LATER — AT THE YUKON MINING COMPANY...

MANAGER LANE?!

YES? — OH — HELLO THERE, SERGEANT — COME RIGHT IN!!

MEET JEFF DIXON, MY FOREMAN — BY THE WAY, SERGEANT, THIS PLAN OF OURS WAS SUGGESTED BY HIM!!

A GREAT IDEA, DIXON — I'M AT YOUR SERVICE!!

FINE — THE REAL GOLD SHIPMENT WILL BE READY IN A FEW DAYS — I'M GOING TO PACK IT MYSELF — BEHIND SHUT DOORS!!

DAYS LATER-

WELL-GOODBYE, SERGEANT-NO ONE KNOWS THE REAL GOLD IS BEING SHIPPED BUT OURSELVES!!

THAT'S WHAT THEY THINK--

THE FAKE SHIPMENT IS BEING SENT TOMORROW MORNING BY STEAMER-AND IT'LL BE HEAVILY GUARDED! HA-HA--!!

HMM-EVERYTHING WENT OFF FINE-MAYBE I WAS WRONG...

AH-DAWN AT LAST-NOW TO STOP FOR SOME BREAKFAST!!

I'LL BE IN NUGGET CITY BY NIGHTFALL--

SUDDENLY, A SHOT RINGS OUT FROM BEHIND THE ROCKS-

BANG!!

-AND REYNOLDS PITCHES FORWARD!!

HA-HA-!! THAT GOT 'IM-TH' FOOL!

BEFORE I GET THE GOLD I'LL MAKE SURE HE'S DEAD----

UGH-!!

THOUGHT YOU HAD ME, EH?? NOW, WE'LL SEE WHO IS BEHIND THAT MASK OF YOURS!!

BEFORE REYNOLDS CAN MAKE A MOVE, THE MASKED MAN GRABS A ROCK AND--

OOF-!!

I'VE GOT ENOUGH TIME TO REACH THE CANOE AND GET AWAY WITH THE GOLD!!

HAH!!-THERE IT IS---

WHAT'S THIS?? BOTH BOXES ARE OPEN-- GREAT SCOTT!!! THEYRE EMPTY-- TH'-THE GOLD'S GONE!!

NO-NOT GONE-IT WASN'T PACKED IN THE FIRST PLACE!! I DECIDED TO LOOK INTO THE BOXES WHEN I LANDED AND I FOUND THEM EMPTY!!! NOW-TAKE THAT MASK OFF!!

YOU-!!

-JEFF DIXON!! SO YOU THOUGHT YOU'D FOLLOW ME AND GET THE GOLD, EH DIXON?? BUT YOU WERE DOUBLECROSSED!! COME ON-YOU'RE GOING BACK WITH ME-I'VE GOT TO PICK UP ANOTHER RAT!!

LUCKILY, THAT ROCK YOU TOSSED AT ME DIDN'T DO ANY DAMAGE-IT JUST STUNNED ME FOR A WHILE!

MEANWHILE, AT THE YUKON MINING COMPANY, MANAGER LANE IS HASTILY PREPARING TO LEAVE MOOSE CREEK-

AT LAST!! TH' STEAMERS JUST LEFT FOR NUGGET CITY WITH THE FAKE SHIPMENT!! REYNOLDS IS MILES AWAY-THAT LEAVES TH' COAST CLEAR FOR A GETAWAY!!

SOMEONE'S GOT TO HELP ME CARRY THE GOLD DOWN TO TH' RIVER---BUT WHO?? --SAY-!! THERE'S THAT OLD PROSPECTOR WHO'S BEEN HANGING AROUND HERE LATELY LOOKIN' FOR A JOB--HE'S AS CRAZY AS A LOON--- WHICH SUITS ME FINE!!

HEY, POP!! COME IN HERE A MINUTE - I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU!! AND STEP ON IT- I'M IN A HURRY!!

SURE, GUV'NIOR!!

QUICK!! GRAB THAT BOX AND FOLLOW ME!! I'LL TAKE THIS ONE!!

RUNNIN' AWAY WITH TH' COMPANY'S GOLD —HA-HA-!!! SURE, MISTER, BUT DON'T FORGET MY SHARE!!

YA CRAZY OLD FOOL!! SO THAT'S WHY YOU'VE BEEN HANGING AROUND HERE--- SNOOPIN', EH!?

OW!

WITH A QUICK SHOVE, THE PROSPECTOR PUSHES THE BOXES INTO THE MANAGER'S LEGS ...

UGH-!!

AS THE CROOK HOWLS IN PAIN, THE OLD MAN LEAPS AT HIM.

THROUGH HIS GUN OUT OF REACH, LANE RUSHES IN WITH A KNIFE

BANG!

JUST IN TIME, EH, CONSTABLE!?

RIGHT, SERGEANT!

CARE, BOTH YOU AND DIXON THOUGHT YOU HAD FOOLED THE OTHER, BUT IT TOOK SOMEONE ACTING THE FOOL TO MAKE FOOLS OUT OF YOU BOTH!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SERGEANT?

MEET THE FOOL WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR DOWNFALL— CONSTABLE BURTON!!

SIR, HE SAYS HE'S SORRY HE TOOK YOU FOR THE WRONG MAN---

LITTLE BROTHER

AL—HERE COMES ROSY!

HELLO, ROSY...

LOOK, AL—THERE SHE IS...

WHY DIDN'T YA SAY HELLO, AL?

AW—YA CAN EASY SPOIL SALS!!

THE BUNGLE FAMILY

A LIVELY DAY

By H. J. TUTHILL

THIS WAY, FOLKS!! THE BIG SHOW—SEE THE GREATEST ACTS IN THE WORLD!

A DIME—TEN CENTS—THANK YOU, SIR—STEP RIGHT IN!

WHAT?! ONLY A TRAINED FLEA CIRCUS!

OTTO—ABE—LOUISE—GET A MOVE ON!

DIANA—GUS—WHY DON'T YOU GO INTO YOUR BIG DANCE? SHAME ON YOU!!

THEY WERE BRIGHT LITTLE THINGS THE WAY THEY WOULD—

OH—OH!!

SAY CHIEF—THIS MAN SAYS THAT ONE OF OUR ACTORS LEFT WITH YOU—BUT I—

—14—15—16—AND 17—

YOU SAID BEFORE YOU ONLY HAD 16—

ARE YOU HINTING THAT I BROUGHT NO. 17?

WELL, HOW DID HE GET HERE?

ALL WE SAY, MISTER IS THAT WE HAD 16 AND NOW WE GOT 17—SOMEBODY RANS IN A EXTRA ONE ON US—

YEAH—THIS GUY STARTED IT, OFFICER—HE'S A WISE GUY—

C'MON—BREAK IT UP BEFORE I—

IMAGINE THOSE BUMS TRYING TO PIN THAT ON ME—

W-WHAT?! IS IT STARTING AGAIN?

A DIME'S WORTH OF INSECT POWDER? YES SIR—

I DON'T CLOSE THE BAG—JUST SHOOT IT TO ME FAST!



THE BUNGLE FAMILY

AN EVENING IN CHEMISTRY

By H. J. TUTHILL



More of The Bungles in the April issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale February 28th.

RUBE GOLDBERG'S SIDE SHOW

BRAIN DERBY
HUNTING QUIZ
DOES A MOOSE KNOW THAT SOMETIME HE MUST BECOME A HATRACK?
WHO GUIDES THE GUIDE WHEN A GUIDE NEEDS GUIDING?
WHY CAN'T SCATTER SHOT STICK TOGETHER LIKE GOOD FRIENDS?

BECAUSE HUNTERS HIT EVERYTHING BUT THE DEER. HERE'S OUR SAFETY SUIT!

OUR SPECIAL INVENTION

HOW TO GET RID OF AN OLIVE PIT AT A PARTY.....

TOSS PIT 'A' OVER SHOULDER INTO FUNNEL 'B'—IT HITS SWITCH 'C' STARTING BURNER 'D' HEATING LIQUID RUBBER 'E'—AS PIT ROLLS DOWN THRU SOFT RUBBER IT GETS COATING—IT THEN GOES THROUGH WHIPPED CREAM AND SCOTCHIE THINKING IT'S A GOLF BALL, KNOCKS IT INTO HAT OF DEPARTING GUEST!

FOOLISH QUESTIONS-NO III,199

DID YOUR HAT BLOW OFF, MISTER?

NO—I'M JUST ROLLING IT DOWNTOWN TO BE CLEANED!

OH, CHILDREN—A HUNTER! WE'RE DOOMED!!

NIBBSY

BOY! WHAT A SWELL DUCK DINNER!

AH CHOO

BANG

NIBBSY—THAT'S ME!

THANKS PAL!

CANDID CARTOONS

THAT KID!

BOYS, YOU NEVER SAW A KID IN YOUR LIFE LIKE MINE HERE! HE ALREADY DOES THINGS LIKE A 45 YEAR OLD MAN—WHY ONLY YESTERDAY—

WHAT AGAIN?

PROUD PAPA SHOWS BABY'S PICTURES

EDDIE, TELL THE PROUD PAPA THAT HIS KID JUST SHOT THEIR COOK!

WHO'S THAT GUY TRYIN' TO DRIVE DOWN THIS ONE-WAY ROAD?

BLAME IT ON WILBUR

TWISTED TALES

THEY LAUGHED AT MR. J. McBARE FOR HIS SHINY HEAD SEEMED TO SHOW NO HAIR—

WHILE JONAH RUGGS MADE LADIES RAVE, WHEN THEY SAW HIS FLOWING WAVE—

BUT WHEN McBARE'S HAT WAS SHED, THERE WAS HAIR ATOP HIS HEAD—

WHILE RUGGS HAT DID REVEAL A SHINY SPACE LIKE AN ORANGE PEEL!

Read Rube Goldberg's Side Show each month in FEATURE COMICS.

OFF THE RECORD By ED REED.

"DON'T TAKE DRINKIN' WATER OUTTA TH' WELL, MA... UNCLE JED JUS' FELL IN!"

"OH DEAR... ...SOME POOR PERSON COULDN'T KEEP IT AND LEFT IT ON MY DOORSTEP!"

"HMM.... NOW I'LL SEE IF AN APPLE A DAY REALLY KEEPS YOU DOCTORS AWAY!"

"THERE!! ...THAT'S THE WAY IT SHOULD READ!"

NOTICE

"ONLY GOT 90 IN ENGLISH, MOM. TYPING HELPED, DIDN'T IT?

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MEANWHILE, ON THE BRIDGE OF THE DESTROYER "MARTYR".







RINGING FOR FULL SPEED AHEAD ATKINS SENDS HIS SHIP SKIMMING THROUGH THE WATER TO WHERE THE ASIATIC FLEET LIES

A FEW HOURS LATER THE SHIP "MARTYR" REJOINS HER FLOTILLA PREPARED TO ENTER THE SHAM BATTLE

A HUNDRED MILES SOUTH THE OIL TANKER "GULF TOWN" SLOWLY STEAMS THROUGH A DENSE FOG

WHILE CROSSING ITS PATH IS THE YACHT "ANULA"

SOME PLEASURE CRUISE WITH A FOG LIKE THIS!

A PROVERBIAL PEA SOUP, SIR

LOOK! A SHIP DEAD AHEAD

A YACHT IN OUR COURSE SIR! WE'RE GOING TO COLLIDE!

WITH A TERRIFIC CRASH THE HUGE SHIP PLOWS INTO THE YACHT

FIRE'S BROKEN OUT IN THE BOW TANK, SIR!

BETTER GET YOUR PASSENGERS ABOARD THIS SHIP BEFORE THIS SMOKE SUFFOCATES YOU!

RIGHT!

MEANWHILE BACK ABOARD THE DESTROYER "MARTYR"

S.O.S. COMING THROUGH! THE TANKER "GULF TOWN" ON FIRE AFTER RAMMING A YACHT!... THEY'RE BEGINNING TO SINK!

CHANGE COURSE TO SOUTH BY SOUTHWEST! FULL SPEED AHEAD!! MY DAUGHTER IS ON THAT SHIP!

QUICKLY PUTTING ABOUT, THE SLEEK "GREYHOUND OF THE SEA" GOES TO THE AID OF THE TWO STRICKEN VESSELS.

WE'VE GOT TO GET THERE IN TIME!

MAYBE I COULD FLY AHEAD AND SEE IF I COULD HELP, SIR.

YOU'LL DO NOTHING OF THE SORT! GETTING YOUR MACHINE OFF WOULD WASTE VALUABLE MINUTES! ANYWAY, HOW COULD ONE PUNY PLANE SAVE THIRTY PEOPLE!

BUT, SIR

WELL?

WIRELESS FROM THE "GULF TOWN" SIR - THE BOATS ARE SINKING FAST!

FORCING THE ENGINES TO THE UTMOST, THE DESTROYER FINALLY ARRIVES ON THE SCENE...

THAT SMOKE PREVENTS US FROM GETTING IN CLOSE ENOUGH TO TAKE THE PASSENGERS OFF! THEIR LIFEBOATS ARE GONE AND THE WATERS INFESTED WITH SHARKS! WE'RE HELPLESS!!

LISTEN, SIR, PERHAPS I CAN BLOW ENOUGH OF THE SMOKE AWAY WITH MY PLANE'S PROPELLER SO THAT YOU CAN SEE TO GO IN CLOSER

GO AHEAD! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!!

ALL SET! START THE ENGINE!

A SIGNAL - A ROAR - AND SPIN'S PLANE IS SHOT INTO THE AIR

I'LL HAVE TO DIVE THROUGH THE SMOKE TO LAND!

WHEW! MADE IT!

MY PLAN HAS TO WORK! I HOPE THIS SAIL ANCHOR WILL HOLD THE PLANE DOWN!

THROWING OUT A BIG CONE-SHAPED PIECE OF CANVAS AS AN ANCHOR, SPIN GIVES HIS PLANE THE "GUN".....

"IT'S WORKING!" THE "PROP" WASH IS TURNING THE SMOKE THE OTHER WAY!"

AS THE SMOKE BILLOWS IN THE OTHER DIRECTION, IT LEAVES A CLEAR PATH TO THE GULF TOWN

"PLUCKY RASCAL! HE'S DONE IT! GET THOSE ENGINES GOING! PULL ALONGSIDE THE FREIGHTER! SNAP INTO IT NOW!

SOON ALL OF THE FREIGHTER'S PASSENGERS ARE TRANSFERRED TO THE NAVY BOAT.....

"ANN!" ANN, MY DARLING!

OH, FATHER! I KNEW YOU'D COME IN TIME! AND THAT AVIATOR, HE WAS SO BRAVE!

"WELL, THAT'S THAT. EVERY-ONE'S SAFE AND "OLD POISON" WILL HAVE TO EAT HIS WORDS ABOUT THE AIR FORCE!

AS SPIN TAKES OFF, THE TANKER BURSTS INTO SMITHEREENS.

ITS TAIL COMPLETELY BLOWN OFF, THE PLANE REELS AND CRASHES INTO THE MARTYR"

SPIN'S PLANE FALLS TO THE DECK OF THE DESTROYER.

"HE'S UNCONSCIOUS BUT I DON'T THINK HE'S BADLY HURT. EASY NOW!!

LATER, SPIN WAKES UP TO SEE ANN ATKINS SMILING BY HIS BEDSIDE.....

"AM I DEAD?"

"NO, JUST BANGED UP A BIT. WHY DO YOU ASK??

I THOUGHT I JUST WOKE UP IN HEAVEN, SEEING AN ANGEL LIKE YOU!

"WELL, WELL. THE MAN'S DELIRIOUS!

Another adventure of Spin Shaw in the April issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale February 28th.

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

NED, OLD EGHAD, THE COMMENCEMENT STUDENTS ARE PRESENTING THEIR PLAY TONIGHT

NOT INTERESTED, BUD

THIS YOU ARE—ITS JOURNALISM STUDENTS ARE STICKING TOGETHER, OH THIS!

OH, WHAT?

CAN'T TELL YOU NOW, BUT YOULL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH!

DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE HOARED OFF A PAY TO BREAK UP THE SHOW

EVERYTHING'S READY, JOURNALISTS—WE SHALL PROCEED IN A BODY TO THE THEATER TO VIEW OUR HANDIWORK!

ONWARD, MEN—ONWARD!

HOW MANY PLAYS?

HOW MANY WHAT-NOTS IN THIS WEEK? SIX ORDINARY ONES AND ONE LONG ONE—LIKE THIS ONE IS GOING TO BE FOR YOU DOPES!

SAY—THAT'S A PRETTY ASBESTOS CURTAIN, BUD

YOU'LL LIKE THIS ONE DIRECTLY BEHIND IT, TOO—BOY! AND IS THIS PLACE PACKED?

USE ALL EXITS, FOLKS—JUST LEAVE AT YOUR NATURAL PACE AND YOULL ALL GET OUT SOONER!

THIS THEATER IS ORDERED EMPTIED IMMEDIATELY IN A QUIET AND ORDERLY MANNER.—
Board of Health

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

LET'S TRY THIS MEN SAT SHOP

AFTER YOU, GAIL

I WAS NEVER MORE CHUMMY WITH STARVATION!

HANG MINE, TOO, WILL YOU, NED?

WHAT CAN I LOSE, BUD?

YOU CAN LOSE YOUR GIRL— LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU, BRANT!

SAY, SHEKELS— THE CHECK GOES WITH THE GIRL— DON'T FORGET THAT!

SLUDGEON! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

EATING MY WAY THROUGH COLLEGE

HOW'S THE HAM TODAY?

DON'T GET PERSONAL, LADY

WHY HAND ME THE RANCY?

"GUILT" NEED IT MORE YOUR THUMB AFTER YOU TAKE IT OUT OF THAT HOT SOUP

THE HOST WISHED TO INFORM HIS GUESTS THAT HE'S BROKE!

WHAT? NOT A CENT FROM ME! STEAL MY GIRL, WILL YOU?

OH, THE CUFF, SAL SLUDGEON, OLD PAL?

CUT REAL A WORD YOU'RE SAYING

I'LL BE BACK IN 30 MINUTES—HANGS THE OVERCOAT FOR SECURITY

NOT A MINUTE LONGER, OR YOU'LL FORFEIT THE COAT!

I BEG YOUR PARDON— THAT'S MY COAT!

BUD SHEKELS TALKING—I SAY OLD MAN, THE DINNER WAS TOO TOO LOVELY— THANKS, PAL—

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

PSST, BE SURE OUR AD IS IN THE PAPER, BUD

CLOSE THE DOOR, NED— WE'LL HAVE A LOOK

THERE IT IS!

"THE GREAT WHEZALL NOTED EAST INDIAN READER OF THE FUTURE" THAT'S IT. BUD?

IS FAIRBELT ALL SET?

HE'S DRESSED UP LIKE A CRYSTAL GAZER

JAKE'LL EAT THAT UP!

HE SPENDS MORE TIME WITH FORTUNE TELLERS THAN THE LAD PROF DOES WITH HIS TEXT TUBES

AND WE EVEN GOT THIS ROOM DOWNTOWN FOR NOTHING?

YES— FAIRBELT HAS IT FIXED UP PLENTY MYSTERIOUS TOO

JAKE'S IN THERE ALL RIGHT

I'LL LAY THE PAPER SO HE'LL SEE WHEZALL'S AD

MORNING, JAKE—THEY TELL ME YOU CAN COUNT UP TO 47 NOW— ANY THING TO IT?

I WAS JUST THINKING HOW WONDERFUL IT WOULD BE IF YOU AND I WENT TO SOUTH AMERICA AND I CAME BACK ALONE!

NO STRANGERS AROUND, JAKE, SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO PRETEND YOU CAN READ

ANY NEWS IN THE PAPER?

HEY— WHERE YOU GOING?

I READ ABOUT A GUY LOSING HIS WATCH— I'M GOING OVER TO TELL HIM WHAT TIME IT IS!

WE'LL FOLLOW HIM, SLIP INTO THE VACANT OFFICE NEXT DOOR AND WEAK PROF FAIRBELT GIVES HIM THE WORKS!

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE



Ned Brant is continued in the April issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale Feb.

CAPTAIN FORTUNE

IN THE DAYS OF THE SPANISH MAIN

by VERNON HEROLD

AT THE SMALL COASTAL TOWN OF SAN LURAY...

FORTUNE, I WONDER WHY THE GOVERNOR SENT FOR US...

YOU SENT FOR US, GOVERNOR CHADWICK?

YES, CAPTAIN FORTUNE— I HAVE A MISSION FOR YOU!

THE SHIP "DRAGON" LEFT HERE A FORTNIGHT AGO WITH A CARGO OF GOLD BULLION... SHE HASN'T BEEN SEEN SINCE THEN...

WE KNOW THE DRAGON REACHED THE BARREN ISLANDS" THEN SHE VANISHED WITHOUT A TRACE!

THE BARREN ISLANDS... AND MY MISSION IS TO LEARN THE FATE OF THE DRAGON?

YES... AND A DANGEROUS TASK IT IS!

...AND THAT NIGHT, AS CAPTAIN FORTUNE'S REVENGE PUTS TO SEA...

HERE IS YOUR COURSE, HELMSMAN... AND KEEP A SHARP EYE ABOUT YOU!

AYE, SIR...

BARREN ISLANDS SHOULD BE IN SIGHT— HAVE YE SEEN THE BEACON LIGHT YET?

NOT YET, SIR!

THEN SUDDENLY A CRY COMES DOWN FROM THE CROW'S NEST

HARD APORT— BREAKERS AHEAD!!

WELL! WE DID MANAGE TO CLEAR THOSE ROCKS, FORTUNE!!

AYE... BUT WHAT OF THE LIGHT? WHY IS IT DARKENED?

NEXT MORNING...

FORTUNE!! THIS LIGHT-KEEPER WAS M-MURDERED!

...AND WITH NO LIGHT, SHIPS CRASHED ON THE ROCKS... 'TWAS THE FATE OF THE DRAGON, I'M THINKING! KENTSHIRE, ORDER HALF THE CREW ASHORE-ARMED FOR BATTLE!!

AS KENTSHIRE LEADS HIS MEN ALONG THE TORTUROUS JUNGLE TRAIL, KEEN EYES WATCH EAGERLY...

MASTER, MANY WHITE MEN COME!

WHITE MEN COMING?...WELL HAVE TO GIVE THEM A ROYAL RECEPTION!

MEANWHILE...FORTUNE SCOUTING ALONE, ARRIVES AT THE NATIVE VILLAGE

SHOUTS OF SAVAGES TELL HIM HIS MEN HAVE FALLEN INTO A TRAP

KENTSHIRE'S BAND IS HERDED INTO A STOCKADE WHERE THEY DISCOVER THE CREW OF THE DRAGON!

CAPTAIN FORTUNE STEALS QUIETLY-TO A GUARD...

STOP! WHO BE YE?

FORTUNE!!

SHHH...I HAVE A PLAN TO TAKE THESE ROGUES, KENTSHIRE

FORTUNE BEGINS TO CARRY OUT HIS PLAN AS A WILD DANCE TAKES PLACE...

KENTSHIRE, THERE'S THE MAN...I MUST FOLLOW HIM. RELEASE THE MEN FROM THE STOCKADE AND BE READY TO FIGHT!

AYE!

H.M.M—HE'S DISAPPEARED IN THIS FOLIAGE...BUT HE'LL NOT SHAKE ME OFF!

WHAT'S THIS?—A QUEER OPENING AT THE BASE OF THIS IDOL...

FORTUNE ENTERS THE IDOL AND FINDS A LADDER LEADING UP A NARROW SHAFTWAY.

...AND THERE, SPEAKING THRU THE IDOL'S MOUTH, IS THE MAN HE FOLLOWED.

SPEAK, MIGHTY KILU...SPEAK THE FATE OF THE WHITE CAPTIVES!!

YOU'LL NEVER ANSWER, ROGUE!

UGH!

IF THE IDOL NEEDS A VOICE, I WILL SUPPLY IT...

...AND THEN COMES FORTH THE VOICE OF CAPTAIN FORTUNE...

CHILDREN OF KILU...HEAR MY WORDS...RELEASE THE WHITE PRISONERS!

THE WHITE MEN HAVE ESCAPED... THE GUARD IS DEAD!

ME, YOUR WITCH DOCTOR SAY KILU SPOKE FALSE— RECAPTURE WHITE MEN

WHEN THE SAVAGES LEAVE, THE WITCH DOCTOR CALLS TWO PIRATES AND HEADS FOR THE IDOL...

NOW — I MUST WIELD A DEADLY BLADE!

AS THE WITCH DOCTOR BEGINS THE SHAFT CLIMB, A READY SWORD GREETS HIM.

AH, MY FINE BIRDS— THAT SHOULD SETTLE YOU!

FROM THE TOP OF THE IDOL CAPTAIN FORTUNE SEES HIS MEN PUTTING UP A DESPERATE BATTLE

THEY ARE OUTNUMBERED— I MUST GET HELP!

LATER...

SHIP'S GUNNERS PREPARE FOR FIRING—THE REST OF YOU MEN FOLLOW ME!

THE GUNS OF THE REVENGE OPEN FIRE...

...LAYING DOWN A BARRAGE INTO WHICH THE SAVAGES ARE CLEVERLY DRIVEN...

...BY FORTUNE'S HARD-FIGHTING REAR GUARD!

THE GOLD IS RECOVERED... THE CREW OF THE DRAGON SAVED!

AYE, KENTSHIRE —I WONDER WHAT WILL BEFALL US NEXT?

Another installment of Captain Fortune in the April issue of FEATURE COMICS.

Lala Palooza

VINCENT'S DIARY—I DIDN'T KNOW THAT HE WAS KEEPING ONE...

THIS IS PRICELESS! I'M JUST GOING TO TAKE A LITTLE PEEK INTO IT!

"It at the crack of noon Vincent Shortright first Shortpunk"

PER THE TINTH TIME— YA CAN'T SLEEP IN THEM PAGODAS!

"Like however, was much luckier than myself"

BASEBALL TODAY

"Witnessed ball game after some difficulties"

BRING BACK THAT BANANA—YOU—!!

FRUIT

"Enjoyed the market with produce reluctance"

"Dropped into a dance for mental refreshment"

DULL LOOKING CHAP...

"...then to the zoo to study a little natural history"

...MONDAY... And speaking of zoo, the wolfish has been gaining weight lately— steadily around the middle—We best look out or

wake and

"Find herself in the hippopotamus class"

"She's silly enough without that!"

DID YOU SEE MY DIARY, LALA DEAR?

OH—WELL! IT WAS GETTING TO BE A BOTHER ANYWAY!

LALA PALOOZA





Follow Lala Palooza and Vincent each month in FEATURE COMICS

THE DOLLMAN

By William Erwin Maxwell

DARREL DANE, A YOUNG SCIENTIST, CAN REDUCE HIS BODY TO THE SIZE OF A DOLL AT WILL. IN HIS GUISE AS THE DOLLMAN, HE FIGHTS CRIME AND EVIL— HIS VERY NAME A TERROR TO THE UNDERWORLD....

ALONG ONE OF THE GREAT HIGHWAYS A HUGE TRUCK PROCEEDS SWIFTLY

SUDDENLY A POWERFUL CAR ZOOMS FROM A SIDE ROAD AND FORCES IT TO A HALT!

PULL OVER!

WHAT'S THE IDEA?

GET OUT, QUICK AND DON'T GIVE US NO LIP.

OH! HI-JACKERS EH?

THE TRUCKMEN LEAP TO THE DEFENSE OF THEIR TRUCK

PUT 'EM OUT OF THE WAY, QUICK!— THEN UNLOAD THE TRUCK!

THEN ANOTHER AUTO PULLS UP AND A SUTURDY FULLY-BUILT YOUNG MAN LEAPS OUT TO AID THE TRUCKMEN

DROP YOUR TOMAHAWK CHUM!

NOW TO TAKE CARE OF YOU THUGS!

BAM

BEAT IT! THIS GUY IS A TERROR— HE'LL MURDER US!

THE HOODLUMS GONE, THE STRANGER TURNS TO THE TRUCKMEN

I'M DARREL DANE— WHO WERE THOSE MEN?

NEVER SEEN 'EM BEFORE. THANKS FOR YOUR HELP, PAL— MY BOSS MR CRAWFORD WILL APPRECIATE IT!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER IN THE OFFICE OF H. DUSTIN CRAWFORD.....

YES?

A MR. DARREL DANE TO SEE YOU, SIR.

SO YOU'RE THE FELLOW WHO SAVED MY TRUCK---I'M GRATEFUL TO YOU! IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?

I'VE LEARNED THAT FOR THE PAST FEW WEEKS YOUR TRUCKS HAVE BEEN WAY-LAID ALMOST REPEATEDLY! NOW IF YOU'D LET ME, I BELIEVE I CAN SOLVE THIS CASE!

I'VE GOT AN EXCELLENT MAN WORKING ON THE CASE RIGHT NOW! I DON'T THINK I NEED ANOTHER SORRY, MR DANE!

MAHVIN BOSS!

BOSS, I'VE GOT A HOT LEAD! I CAN NAB THOSE HIJACKERS IN TWO HOURS!

MR DANE, MEET MR McCOOT, MY LOUD BUT EFFICIENT SLEUTH!

I'M GLAD TO MEET YOU MR McCOOT

PUT IT THERE PAL!

NOW, LET'S GET DOWN TO CASES! LOOK AT THIS MAP OF THE NEW ENGLAND COAST!

HERE'S WHERE THE CRIMES ALL OCCURRED - YOU'LL NOTICE THAT THE HIGH-WAY RUNS RIGHT ALONG THE SHORE! SEEMS ODD IT SHOULD ALL HAPPEN HERE!

THE LOOT MIGHT BE TAKEN OUT TO SEA. WHAT WERE THE TRUCKS CARRY-ING?

SUPER-POWERED AIR-PLANE MOTORS FOR BOMBERS!

THAT NIGHT, A TRUCK GOES ON ITS REGULAR RUN . .

HIGH ABOVE SAILOR'S COVE A LONE FIGURE KEEPS VIGIL WATCHING THE ROAD AND SEA

THERE COMES THE TRUCK! IT'S BEEN STOPPED!

WHAT'S THAT?! SOMETHING DARK MOVING IN FROM THE OCEAN?! WHY IT'S A FOREIGN SUBMARINE! HOLY SMOKES!!!

SOMETIME LATER, THE STOLEN CARGO IN ITS BELLY, THE STEEL FISH HEADS BACK INTO THE OCEAN DEPTHS.....

WE'RE NOT BEING FOLLOWED! THAT IS GOOD!

EVERY MAN TO HIS STATION! WE'RE LEAVING AMERICAN WATERS AND HEADING FOR HOME!

FIVE WEEKS WE'VE BEEN HERE AND WE RETURN WITH MANY AMERICAN MOTORS FOR THE FATHERLAND - A GOOD HAUL!

IN THE HOLD A STRANGE LITTLE FIGURE STEPS FORTH FROM ONE OF THE CASES — IT IS THE DOLL MAN!

THIS PIPE MAKES A FINE PROMENADE

OH-OH-VICTIM NUMBER ONE!

THAT'S THAT FOR HIM - NOW TO MAKE THE CAPTAIN TURN THE SHIP BACK!

HEH, HEH, HEH, IT WAS SIMPLE OUT WITTING THOSE AMERICAN DOGS! WE'LL GET THE IRON CROSS FOR THIS WORK!

SORRY TO CORRECT YOU - BUT ALL YOU'LL GET WILL BE IRON BARS!

A TINY MAN!

I MUST BE GOING CRAZY!

YES— CRAZY TO THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH THIS

I'LL CRUSH YOU!

OOPS! THE LITTLE MAN! HE WASN'T THERE!

SO YOU WANT TO PLAY!

HOW ABOUT A— RING-A-ROUND THE ROSIE!

I CAN'T WASTE TOO MUCH TIME AT THIS SORT OF THING!

LEAPING ACROSS THE ROOM THE DOLLMAN SCRAMBLES UP A LADDER

TURN BACK THE SHIP OR I'LL OPEN THE INTAKE VALVE AND DROWN ALL YOU RATS!

YOU WIN! WE'LL DO AS YOU SAY...

NOT FAR AWAY A U.S. COAST GUARD PATROL SHIP STEAMS ACROSS THE AEGEAN

THERE'S THE SUB! FULL SPEED AHEAD!

CONGRATULATIONS Mr COOT ON YOUR CAPTURE OF THE DOLLMAN SUB

DON'T THANK ME IT WAS THE DOLLMAN WHO CLEANED UP THIS CASE!

LATER AT HOME WITH HIS FRIEND PROFESSOR ROBERTS

THE REPUTATION OF THE DOLLMAN HAS REVIVED THE PAPERS!

YES AND MY WORK IS JUST BEGINNING!

BIG TOP

HEY, POP - LOOK- THERE'S A MAN THROWING KNIVES AT A LADY!

HE'S A MEXICAN KNIFE-THROWER-- HE CAN STICK THOSE KNIVES IN THE BOARD ALL AROUND THAT GIRL..

HE THROWS AXES TOO, POP!

HOW DOES A FELLA BECOME A KNIFE-THROWER, POP?

WITH CONSTANT PRACTICE, JUNIOR!

GOLLY! DO Y'THINK I COULD BE A KNIFE-THROWER, POP?

OF COURSE YOU COULD, JUNIOR- BUT YOU'D HAVE TO PRACTICE A LOT!

WHERE Y'GOIN', SON?

I'M GONNA STAY OUT 'TILL SUPPER IS READY, POP...

HULLO, GLORIA- WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR EYE?

I FELL AN' CUT IT SO I HAVE TO WEAR THIS BANDAGE ON IT.

JUNIOR- MY FIRE WENT OUT - IF YOU CHOP SOME WOOD FOR ME I'LL GIVE YOU A QUARTER!

THANKS, MRS. HORGAN!

STAND 'WAY OVER BY THE FENCE, GLORIA- IN CASE THE WOOD FLIES WHEN I CHOP IT.

GOOD GOSH! - JUNIOR IS GOING TO TRY THAT KNIFE-THROWING ACT WITH LITTLE GLORIA!

OH WHY DID I TELL HIM THAT STUNT WAS EASY- HE'LL KILL THAT LITTLE GIRL!

STOP, JUNIOR- DON'T THROW THAT AXE!

THIS'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO BELIEVE EVERY-THING PAPA TELLS YOU!

BIG TOP

ALONZO- DO YOU OPEN YOUR PAY ENVELOPE?

WELL...ER- YES, DEAR- ...ER...YOU SEE...

SO! TRYING TO HOLD TWO DOLLARS OUT OF YOUR PAY SO YOU CAN PLAY POKER, WITH THOSE LOAFERS!

OH-OH! POOR ALONZO THE ANIMAL TRAINER IS GETTING IT AGAIN—

GEE WHIZ—I'M GLAD I'M FREE—NO WEDDING BELLS FOR—ME

POOR OLD ALONZO— THAT GUY TAKES MORE ABUSE THAN A FOOTBALL!

YOU KNOW HOW HARD I WORK TRAINING THOSE LIONS BUTCH AND THAT WIFE OF MINE BEATS ME BECAUSE I WANT TWO BUCKS FOR A LITTLE FUN!

AW—WHO'S WORRIED ABOUT MONEY!—HERE, I'LL STAKE YOU TO A STACK OF CHIPS

SO! PLAYING POKER-AFTER WHAT I TOLD YOU-YOU WORM!

BUT-ER --A-- DARLING—

OH! THAT WOMAN— IF ONLY THERE WAS SOMEPLACE I COULD GO WHERE SHE COULDN'T GET ME!

GOLLY- SHE SURE DOES FOLLOW YOU AROUND— BUT, SAY—

...IT'S A CINCH FOR YOU TO SET AWAY FROM HER. LISTEN- BZZ BZZ BZZ—

BUTCH, YOU'RE A GENIUS!

OH BOY! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS LONG AGO!

NO, DEAR-I WON'T COME OUT-AND I DON'T THINK YOU WILL COME IN AFTER ME!

Read Big Top in the April issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale February 28th.

RANCE KEANE

"THE KNIGHT of THE WEST"

by WILL ARTHUR

THERE IT IS, RANCE... HIGHEST DERN SUSPENSION BRIDGE IN THE HULL NESTY!

WHAT I WANT TO SEE IS A CLOSE-UP OF THE FOUNDATIONS AND FIND OUT HOW IT'S ANCHORED ONTO THOSE ROCKS!

A FELLOW BY THE NAME OF CAMERON BUILT IT- MEBBE HE'LL SHOW US AROUND IF HE'S THERE WITH THE CREW...

BUT WHAT RANCE AND PEE WEE LEE FOUND AT THE BASE OF THE BRIDGE MOORING WAS OF FAR MORE IMMEDIATE CONCERN THAN THE CONSTRUCT ION...

JUMPIN' RATTLE-SNAKES! THAT'S SOME PLACE T' STORE BLASTIN' POWDER!

I'M NOT SO SURE IT'S "STORED", PEE WEE!

A TIME BOMB-AND ENOUGH BLACK POWDER T' BLOW THIS BRIDGE TO KINGDOM COME!

SIDEWINDIN' BUCKBOARDS! DON'T PLAY WITH IT! YANK OUT THAT FUSE!

I HAVE A BETTER IDEA- IT'S SET FOR 6:00 P.M. WE'LL LEAVE IT AS IS- BUT WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY!

FIGURING THAT WHOEVER SET THE BOMB MIGHT RETURN TO CHECK IT BEFORE SIX, RANCE DECIDES TO TRY TO CAPTURE HIM RED-HANDED, AND TAKE NO CHANCE OF A SLIP-UP...

WE HAVE BARELY FOUR HOURS TO PICK UP WHATEVER CLUES WE CAN AROUND TOWN...

WHERE'S THE BEST PLACE T' BUY BLASTING POWDER, STRANGER?

THERE AIN'T BUT ONE PLACE, AN' THAT'S NIXON'S ON TH' NEXT CORNER!

NOPE, WE AIN'T SOLD NO BLASTIN' POWDER IN WEEKS EXCEPT T' CLYDE CAMERON AN' HIS ROAD CREW. THEY USE IT RIGHT ALONG UP ON OLD 'BALDY'

RODEO

THEY'VE GOT JEST ABOUT FINISHED UP THERE - AN' MAN!! - THERE'S GONNA BE A SIGHT WHEN THAT SPAN OPENS UP T' TOURISTS! IT'LL BE A GOOD THING FER OLD CAMERON TOO - TAKE HIS MIND ON TO SOME-THIN' NEW...

THEN THE BRIDGE ISN'T IN USE AT ALL YET?

NOPE - 'CEPTIN' FER CAMERON HIMSELF. HE HEADS UP THERE EVERY EVENIN' AT QUITTIN' WHISTLE AN' JEST SETS AN' GAZES DOWN IN THAT GORGE! LOST HIS ONLY SON DOWN THERE DURIN' CONSTRUCT-ION...

HE'D BE A PURTY LONESOME MAN IF YOUNG YANCY CHEATHAM HADN'T TAKEN SECH A FANCY TO HIM - BEEN LIKE A SON - SETS UP THERE WITH HIM MOST EVERY EVENIN'

I UNDERSTAND CAMERON HAS CHANGED HIS WILL - LEAVIN' EVERYTHING T' TH' KID - WELL THAT OUGHTA MAKE OLD SETH HAPPY - ONLY ONE THING THAT ORNERY COYOTE LOVES MOREN MONEY, AN' THAT'S YOUNG YANCY

WE'LL HAVE TO SHOVE OFF, PARTNER. THANKS!

ARE WE HEADIN' BACK TO THE BRIDGE?

NO - TO THE CHEATHAM RANCH-HAND DOUBLE QUICK! THAT TIN-BONE'S STILL TOOTIN'!

WHY BOTHER WITH SETH CHEATHAM? BLAZES! I-I-A DON'T THINK HE'D RISK BLOWIN' UP HIS OWN KID!! AN' AS FER YANCY---

NOT LIKELY!!... BUT THAT POWDER MUST HAVE COME FROM THE ROAD CREW AND HERE'S OUR ONLY LINK!

AT THE CHEATHAM RANCH HOUSE THERE IS NO ANSWER TO THEIR KNOCK

GOOD - THE DOOR'S UNLATCHED - WE MAY BE ABLE TO PICK UP SOME CLUE INSIDE.

WAL, I'LL BE HORN-SWOGGLED! SOME ORNERY TOAD HAS GOT HIM HOG-TIED!

AS RANCE AND PEE WEE ENTER THE HOME...

YEP-I'M YANCY--BUT I DON'T KNOW WHO THEM MASKED FELLAS WAS THAT TIED ME UP - OR WHY!

SAY--!

YOU TWO GENTS ARE JUST ABOUT THE SAME SIZE! QUICK, PEE WEE, HOP INTO THESE DUDS. I WISH WE HAD TIME TO TAKE OFF THAT MOUSTACHE!

I DON'T GET IT...

NOW, WE'VE GOT TO TRAVEL, BOY!

THIEVES - ROBBERS - HEY! COME BACK WITH MY CHAPS!

O.K. NOW--IT'S ALMOST SIX. WALK OUT ON THE BRIDGE AS THOUGH YOU WERE MEETING CAMERON. FEEL ALRIGHT?

...ULD YEAH, I GUESS SO!

AND AS PEE WEE FACES HIS TASK LIKE A MARTYR, ANOTHER FIGURE. ALSO VERY NERVOUS, WATCHES THE BRIDGE FROM A CONCEALED POSITION.

JUST A FEW MORE MINUTES AND, THEN

BUT AT THAT SECOND HE SEES A FIGURE ON THE BRIDGE ABOVE THAT MAKES HIS BLOOD RUN COLD.

BLAZES! IS THAT--? NO--IT CAN'T BE!! I HAD THEM TIE HIM DOWN AT THE RANCH!

BUT IT IS! I GOTTA SAVE HIM! GOTTA YANK OUT THAT FUSE! YANCY-YANCY--WAIT! GO BACK-YANCY!!

YANCY!

BUT AS HE REACHES THE ROAD WITH ONLY SECONDS TO SPARE, HE IS GREETED WITH THE TERROR OF A NIGHTMARE AS A HORSE-MAN WITH LARIAT READY BEARS DOWN ON HIM

STAY BACK! STAY BACK, YOU FOOL! IT'S LIFE OR DEATH ... I'LL BE TOO LATE!

YOU'RE TOO LATE NOW, CHEATHAM! YOU BETTER JUST PRAY!

SWINGING PAST THE TERRIFIED MAN, RANCE LET'S GO HIS ROPE --

--AND DROPS IT WITH INCREDIBLE ACCURACY OVER THE DYNAMITE STICKS AND BURNING FUSE - JUST IN TIME!

BOOM!

AS HE JERKS THE ROPE, TEARING LOOSE THE FUSE FROM THE HUGE KEGS OF BLACK POWDER, THERE IS A DEAFENING ROAR AS THE STICKS EXPLODE HARMLESSLY IN MIDAIR

MEANWHILE ...

BUT... YOU AIN'T YANCY!

NO! YER DERN TOOTIN' I AIN'T!

THERE'S YOUR MAN, CAMERON - GUESS HE JUST COULDN'T WAIT ON THAT WILL OF YOURS!

SETH CHEATHAM!

LATER

PEE WEE, HOW DID YOU FEEL WALKING OUT OVER THOSE POWDER KEGS?

MY JAWS WUZ CHATTERIN' SO HARD I COME NEAR RUININ' MY NEW SET OF STORE TEETH!

Ranee Keane appears each month in FEATURE COMICS.

JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

NOW HERE IS THE MAN WHO DID TH' MOST T'MAKE BOXIN' A BIG BUSINESS... IT'S THE LATE TEX RICKARD

AN' HERE'S THE LEADIN' PROMOTER OF TH' PRESENT DAY... UNCLE MIKE JACOBS...

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER

JOE IS WALKING ALONG THINKING OF HIS TINY FRIEND MAX, WHEN...

WELL! SO THIS IS WHERE YOU ARE, MAX---

YEP- HE'S HANGIN' AROUND WAITIN' FOR YOU!

MAX- WHY DON'T YOU GO TO SCHOOL?

ULP!

HE DOESN'T LIKE TO GO TO SCHOOL, JOE--

BUT I WISH YOUSE WOULD GO, MAX--

I THINK HE'LL DO ANYTHING YOU ASK HIM TO DO!

SOB

AW- DON'T CRY--YOUSE DON'T HAFTA GO IF IT MAKES YOUSE UNHAPPY!

OH DEAR-- HE IS SO GOOD TO ME-- OH DEAR---

SEE YOU LATER, MAX--

I'M SORRY, MAX-- ALICE WENT TO SCHOOL WITH JOHNNY SMITH-- HE CARRIED HER BOOKS---

WHAT TH'?? MAX?

HEY- DON'T GO SO FAST --YOUSE'LL GIT ALL PUFFED OUT!

--AN' HE'D LIKE T'START IN KINDERGARDEN- HE'S FIVE YEARS OLD...

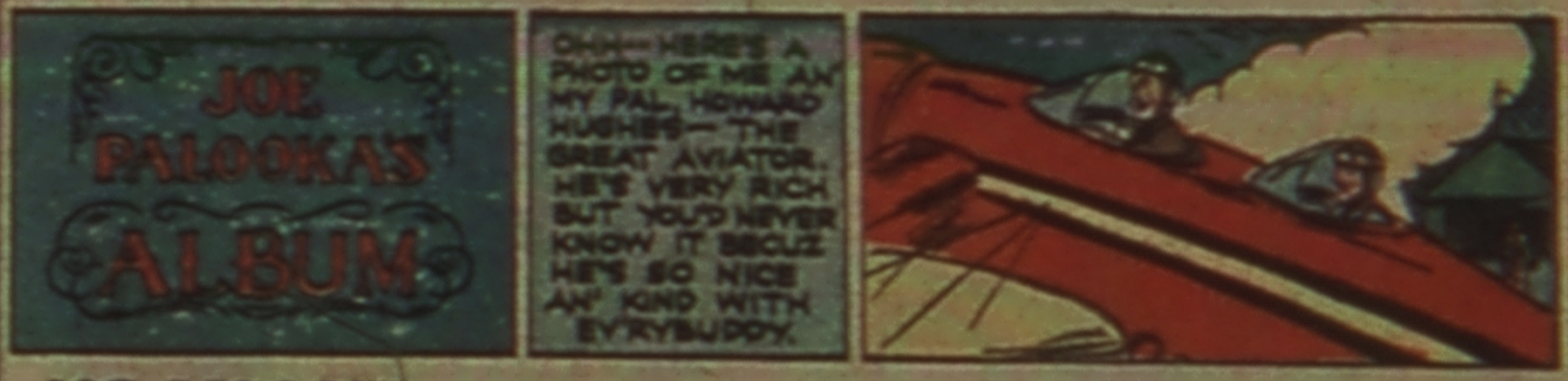
WHY OF COURSE, MR. PALOOKA---

OKAY, MAX- AN' YOU'LL MEET ME AFTER SCHOOL IS OUT?

ULP!

ITHN'T IT NICE HOW MAXTH STARTED T'SCHOOL, MITHTER PALOOKA?

WHY- I NEVER SEEN NOTHIN' LIKE IT, ALICE!!



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

THIS IS MY SKOOL TEACHER, MISS TUTTLE. SHE ALWEEZ LOOKED LIKE SHE EAT FOOD THAT WUZ BAD FER 'ER

AN' HERE I AM WITH ROBERT TAYLOR AN' MAX BAER— TWO SWELL FELLAS.

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER

WELL— AIN'T THAT A CUTE DOG!

SAY—THAT PUP OF YOURS IS CERT'NY CUTE—

AW—HE AIN'T MINE—HE'S JUST TAGGIN' AFTER ME!!

AIN'T IT SWELL HOW HE LOOKS AT YOUSE WITH FUL EYES

WHATTA YA MEAN?! DOGS AIN'T GOT NO SOULS!

THEY SURE HAVE—

G'WAN—THEY'RE DUMB ANIMALS AN' THEY CAN'T EVEN TALK!

HOW D'WE KNOW THEY CAN'T TALK? THEY UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER, DON'T THEY?

YER NUTS!

IT'S NOT DOGS' FAULT IF WE CAN'T UNDERSTAND THEIR TALK—

WHAT'S THAT?

MEBBE MEN ARE DUMB AN' NOT ANIMALS! AN' MEBBE THEY GOT SOULS TOO—

SO// YER COMPARIN' ME WITH TH' DOGS, EH? WHATTA YA MEAN?

OH—I DIN'T MEAN T'BE INSULTIN'— HEY!! WHAT'S TH'—!

C'MON—OUTA MY WAY MUTT—ER I'LL—

TH' DOG CAN'T DO THIS— SO I WILL!!

C'MON LITTLE FELLA—DON'T WASTE TIME WITH HIM—

YOUSE GUESSED WRONG—

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID BUDDY?

I WAS JUST NOW ASKIN' TH' DOG IF HE THINKS THAT ANIMALS HAS SOULS—

—AN' TWO MORE HAM-BURGS PLEASE?



JOE PALOOKA — By HAM FISHER



Follow Joe Palooka and Knobby in the April issue of FEATURE COMICS.



DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL





DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL



More of Dixie Dugan in the April issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale February 28th.

SMOKE SCREEN

By A. L. ALLEN

The wind was just right. It would carry the spray far out and over the orchard, allowing it to drift just enough and then it would settle in little white dots all over the leaves of the orange trees. Not a bug, not a caterpillar could live once that poisoned spray touched them.

Walter rolled his little monoplane out of the old barn that he had converted into a hangar, and spun the propeller.

"Come on, baby, let's go kill bugs." Walter liked to talk and, since there was no one around to talk to, he talked to his plane, his horse, or himself. "Sure is great stuff. This shooting insect poison from an airplane," he added as he climbed into the cockpit.

He lifted the little ship up over the low, richly green trees until he had gained enough altitude to swoop smoothly down and keep a level line along the even rows. Then he pulled the lever that released the poison. It came lazily down, the wind blowing it in a thin white cloud until the weight of the water brought it settling on the orchard.

His job finished, Walter turned the ship toward home. "Funny," he said aloud. "Seems to me I've been hearing another ship every time I've gone up recently. Guess I'm just hearing things." He shrugged his shoulders and tried to dismiss it from his mind. But it hadn't been his imagination. After he set his own ship down his keen ears still caught the drone of a motor far off beyond the orchard toward the river.

He climbed out and looked, shielding his eyes from the sun. Nothing could be seen—nothing but the thin white clouds of insect spray still drifting slowly downward.

"Darn that spray. Can't see a thing," he complained. But he wasn't satisfied. He climbed the ladder up to the roof of the barn and looked west again, over toward the Rio Grande. He distinctly heard the buzz of an airplane motor.

"Doggone!" he exclaimed. "What is a plane doing around here? So far as I know, I'm the only one that has a plane for miles around." He stood, eyes straining into the distance, trying to pierce the white spray-clouds.

"By George! That's not all spray. That's smoke! The same kind of smoke they use for sky-writing." He was bewildered.

"There's a very dark colored gentleman hiding somewhere in the woodpile. Whoever is flying that plane is using that smoke to hide something." He began to think back—to remember. "Well, it's a cinch I haven't been imagining things. And it's darn funny. Whoever it is only goes up when I go up. Only when I go up to spray. Then he goes up and spills out smoke just to make the screen good and thick. Yes, sir, he's hiding something. But what? There's nothing but the river and beyond that—Mexico." His words trailed off. He was thinking too intently to bother about talking aloud. Some of it just didn't make sense. But, on the other hand, some of it did. If a fellow was doing something he shouldn't be doing that smoke screen would certainly do a good job of hiding. The orchard reached down almost to the banks of the Rio Grande. The river was not very wide just here and it was only a little way across into Mexico.

It was a lonely strip of country. The ranches that stretched away on this side of the river were large and the houses far apart. Walter's was the only orchard anywhere around. Everybody had told him he was a fool when he turned the ranch into an orange orchard after his father died. Folks said oranges wouldn't grow here. But he'd proved them wrong. If the spray killed the bugs, and all the baby oranges matured he'd have a first crop that would prove oranges would grow as well here as any place else.

His thoughts went back to the smoke screen and the airplane. Whatever that bird was hiding had to do with Mexico, for there was nothing on this side to be hidden.

Suddenly Walter's brain snapped up an idea. He scrambled down off the roof of the barn as fast as he could and rushed into the house. Back in a few moments with a pair of binoculars in his hand, he climbed up again.

"No soap," he complained, "can't see a darn thing." Another inspiration. He dashed for his horse. Without waiting to saddle it he flopped aboard, and put off through the orchard. Once on the other side of the trees the smoke screen thinned out.

He could no longer hear the plane motor, but he could dimly hear voices. As he came to the edge of the white smoke, he looked down the low banks of the river. On the smooth, brushless shore stood a plane—a big one. Drawn up on the sand, partially out of the water was a good sized motor boat.

Back and forth, from plane to boat, three men worked busily. Out of the plane they lifted boxes. Boxes of two sizes. Some of them long and narrow, some almost square. All of them were heavy, for it took two men to handle the long ones and it was plain to see that even the small ones were all one man could carry.

"Guns!" Walter whispered to himself. "Guns and ammunition. Now what the heck?" He looked over across the river. The shore was brushy and rough. There wasn't a sign of habitation for miles up and down the river. "A sweet spot to be running ammunition across," he admitted. "Yep. That's what it is. They're gun runners. Must be trouble stirring in Mexico. But what am I going to do about it? It's none of my business."

He scuffed his feet angrily in the sand. But he knew that it was his business. For a moment he hated himself because he was trying to shirk what was plainly his duty. Walter was not a natural fighter. He didn't like trouble. But this was something he just couldn't keep out of. Somebody was breaking the law and it was Walter's duty to do something about it. "Okay," he said aloud, "Let's go." And he turned his horse toward home.

His brain was working at top speed now. His plans were taking shape. Back at the house he spun the propeller of the plane and climbed in, heading back toward the river and the big plane on its banks. There wasn't time to go into town for the sheriff. What had to be done must be done by himself.

He deliberately kept low for a time, fairly well hidden by the smoke that still hung thin but fading fast now. He circled, waiting. He knew it wouldn't be long until the other plane took off. He had to know where it had come from and where it was going. Soon he heard it, the larger motor sounding above the drone of his own. The plane lifted and headed up the river and a little east.

Walter gave his boat the gun. "After him now, right on his tail. Keep after him, baby, we can't afford to lose him."

For a few moments he flew straight after the faster, larger ship. Then the big one up ahead put on a burst of speed and started to climb. Maybe he had seen Walter. That would be bad. It would warn him that something was afoot. But Walter knew he couldn't turn back now. He had to find the home port of that ship.

His brain was dizzy trying to figure things out. If the other ship had not seen him everything would be all right. He felt sure his motor could not be heard above the larger one.

Apparently the man had not seen him for he turned sharply to the left, circled a bit and landed. Nothing but trees could be seen with the naked eye, but with the binoculars Walter could make out a small clearing. He carefully marked the spot in his memory and wheeled his ship around.

The sleepy little town of Rangeland awoke with a start as Walter's plane zoomed overhead. Out on the edge of town, level and flat as a floor, he sat the plane down and dashed for the sheriff's office.

"Judas Priest!" the sheriff exclaimed when he heard Walter's tale. "We just got word from Washington that they're sending some G-men down here. They know that guns and ammunition are getting across the border somewhere near here and they told us to keep our eyes peeled until they got here. 'Til they get here! Huh! We'll have their man for them when they come. Come on, Walter, let's hop into that flying cayuse of yours and go get him."

As Walter circled his ship over the hide-out, the sheriff looked over the side of the cockpit. "Reckon I better let him know we mean business," he yelled to Walter as the figure of a man came out of the small shack. "I'll just take a little shot in his direction to show him," the sheriff added and pulled the trigger. The man on the ground reached for the sky.

"Pretty easy pickings, Walter," chuckled the sheriff as they climbed out.

"Guess you been getting pretty good pay from that outfit across the river for taking in their little play-pretties for 'em, eh, fella?" said the sheriff to the surly gun-running aviator a few moments later.

The man just grunted.

"Well, maybe you like revolutions over in Mexico, but Uncle Sam—he don't like 'em none!" went on the sheriff. "Come on, feller, let's go in the house and make ourselves comfortable 'til our boys come out in the car to pick us up. Say, Walter," he turned, "guess you don't know it, but there's a nice fat reward for this feller's capture. Reckon you can maybe use it, huh?"

"You bet I can," Walter admitted. "May need some more bug spray for my oranges."

Read Magic On The Rink in the April issue FEATURE COMICS—on sale Feb. 28.



OFF THE RECORD By ED REED

"SAY—ARE YA SURE WE'RE TAKIN' THIS MONEY TO THAT DOWNTOWN BANK?"

TO MEXICO

"AND LADY, IF YOU RENT THIS PLACE YOU ALSO HAVE RUNNING WATER!"

NEXT DAY!

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

"NURSE, WE DON'T LIKE THE ICEMAN... SO WE GOT THIS!"

"YEH—THIS IS TOO MUCH OF A CUT-THROAT TRADE NOW!"

"MISS JONES, MUST ALL THESE GUYS CALL HERE TO ESCORT YOU HOME?"

THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About the World's First Vault Over Fourteen Feet

If you were lucky you were at Madison Square Garden in New York the night of Feb. 25, 1928 for the National A. A. U. indoor meet. You saw this great athlete in the best form of his career.

Only a few moments before he had electrified you by smashing his own world's indoor record of 13 feet, 9¼ inches set in 1927.

3

You saw this Yale university superman speed down the approach, poke his vaulting pole into the slot and swing upward in a graceful arch toward the greatest height a vaulter ever cleared.

And now you practically collapse with astonishment as his little body sails clearly over that bar, which is set at 14 feet and 1 inch!

Sabin Carr of Yale, fans, the first man in the world to vault 14 feet or higher.

Charlie CHAN

Alfred Andriola

CHARLIE, KIRK BARROW AND GINA LANE HAVE LEFT HONOLULU AND ARE ABOARD A CLIPPER SHIP FOR SAN FRANCISCO...

AMONG THE PASSENGERS ARE THE SULLEN BIG CHIEF - A TAHITIAN OBSERVER NAMED JAMES KING - AND TWO MISSIONARIES, CYNTHIA WELLES AND HER BROTHER LESLIE...

AS THEY TALK LATER...

MR.-CHAN! MR. CHAN! LOOK! DO YOU SEE SMOKE OVER TO THE RIGHT?

AH! PROBABLY SHIP PASSED NO CAUSE FOR ALARM!

HAIS! YOU HAVE CORRECT OBSERVATION! - GINA! QUICK! CALL STEWARD! WE MUST GO TO RESCUE!

THERE IS A FLASH OF LIGHTNING AMONG THE PASSENGERS AS THE HUGE SHIP PUT ITS PONTOONS INTO THE WATER...

THE PLANE TAXIS ALONGSIDE A ROW BOAT AND TWO MEN ARE HELPED ABOARD...

10N

AS THEY ENTER THE CABIN THE FIRST MAN DRAWS AND PLACES A REVOLVER IN HER BACK!

SAY! WHAT IS THIS?

THIS IS A HOLD-UP! IF ANYONE MAKES A FALSE MOVE THE LITTLE LADY GETS A LOAD OF LEAD!

AT THE SAME TIME, A THIRD MAN UNCOVERS HIMSELF IN THE ROW BOAT AND TRANS A MACHINE GUN ON THE PLANE...

THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS! HOLDING UP A CLIPPER ON THE HIGH SEAS!

AND YOU PROPOSE TO TAKE THIS LADY AS HOSTAGE?

PRECISELY! WE WANTED DR. CRAFTS BAD AND WE HAVE IT! IF ANYONE MAKES A MOVE WE'LL SHOOT THE GIRL!

WE SHALL ROW BACK TO THE SHIP AND THE GIRL WILL STAND IN THE BOW TO PROTECT US!

SHUCKS! IS A SHAME NO ONE OUT THERE CAN DO A THING TO HELP HER! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

QUICKLY, MISS LANE MANAGES TO SLIP OUT OF THE AIRLINER WINDOW AND DROPS QUIETLY INTO THE WATER...

IF I CAN GET ON THE BOAT WITHOUT BEING SEEN...


DON'T KNOW IF THERE ARE ANY OTHERS ON BOARD.... BUT TO CHANCE IT.... SEEMS DESERTED THOUGH....


WOW! A SEAPLANE! THAT'S HOW THEY PLANNED TO MAKE AUGHT A QUICK ESCAPE!


BUT IF THEY HAVE NO ESCAPE.... IF THEY....


NOW— THEY CAN'T GET AWAY! THIS OIL AND THE HATCHES I FOUND IN THE HOLD BELOW WILL DO THE TRICK!




ALRIGHT, CHRIST! KEEP THOSE TWO COVERED — AND LET'S GO!
BUT WE NEED TO CHECK ON RECEPTION FURTHER, MISS KELLEY!


WHY— WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WHY DON'T YOU AND YOUR BROTHER BE MY WITNESSES — BUT CAREFUL! AND HELP TO KEEP THE CREW BACK!


HOW COULD WE BE MIXED UP IN THIS THING! YOU'RE A RIDICULOUS OLD FOOL!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? FROM FORMER EVIDENCE THAT YOU CONFESS MY BELIEF! IT IS SO USE TO HOLD THIS ANY LONGER!


YOU HAVE MISTAKEN WHEN YOU TELL ME YOU HAVE BEEN IN SOUTH SEAS FOR FIVE YEARS - WHEN YOU TELL YOUR SISTER SHE SHOULD HAVE REMAINED IN SAN FRANCISCO!
YOU HAVE MISTAKEN WHEN YOU SAY YOU SAILED SOUTH TO MAKE MONEY FOR TRIP - BECAUSE YOU WERE WILLING HAVE EVERYTHING FOR IT. BECAUSE!


WHY DO YOU HAVE SUSPICIONS? WHY DO YOU KEEP EARLY INTERVIEW? WELL, IT WOULD! BECAUSE YOU MUST WANT OUT! YOU MUST SEND CLIPPER TO RESCUE OF SURVIVORS OF BURNING OIL BARGE —
WAIT! LOOK!!


THEIR SHIP! IT'S ON FIRE!
SHE'S RIGHT, CAPTAIN! IT'S IN FLAMES!


THE FLAMES ON BOARD ARE SO GREAT WE CAN'T GET AWAY!
SHUT UP! WE'RE NOT GOING TO KEEP SUSPICIOUS BECAUSE THERE'S NOT TO BE A WAY OUT!


YOU'RE MAD! HOW CAN YOU GET AWAY WITH IT?
DO YOU THINK THE SHIP OR YOU CAN HOLD OFF THE CREW AND PASSENGERS OF THIS PLANE? WE HAVE ARMS, TOO - BUT WE HAVEN'T DRAWN THEM TO AVOID A SHOOTING BEACH!


PRECISELY! AND YOU'LL ALL TRY TO AVOID HAVING INNOCENT PASSENGERS KILLED! THAT MACHINE GUN TALKS A LOT FASTER THAN YOUR TEENIES AUTOMATIC!


AT THAT MOMENT, KIRK, CLUTCHING WHERE THE CURSED KEY COMES UP ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE BULKHEAD TO WHICH THE MAN WITH THE MACHINE GUN IS STRUNG...




WHAT TH-? WHO-?
IT'S KIRK! CHARLIE! IT'S KIRK!


FURIOUSLY, CHARLIE EMPTIES HIS REVOLVER AT KIRK...


GOOD WORK! WITHOUT FIREARMS, MODERN CRIMINAL IS LIKE CLIMB WITHOUT ROPE!


CHARLIE! KIRK'S BEEN HIT!


BEFORE ANYONE ELSE CAN MOVE, CHARLIE, WITH INCREDIBLE AGILITY, THROWS HIS LEGS AND DIVES INTO THE WATER...




IS HE- HURT- BAD?
CAN'T TELL... HE'S UNDER WATER TOO LONG ALREADY ...WE'LL PUT HIM TO BED IMMEDIATELY!


LOCK THE FIVE OF THEM UP! THEY'LL HAVE AN INTERESTING STORY TO TELL TO A JURY!

LATER... IN DR. CROFT'S CABIN...

CONTINUED

SEE CHARLIE CHAN SOLVE THE DR. CROFT RUBY MYSTERY IN THE NEXT ISSUE...

Charlie Chan is continued in the April issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale February 28th.

TODDY

BY

GEORGE MARCOUX

HMM—SOME PITCHER—THE SQUARE SHOOTER!

DINNY, WHERE YA GOIN'? FER A HAIRCUT!

AW—YDON'T NEED ANY HAIRCUT // MAMA SAYS I DO...

YA KIN GET IT AN' STILL SAVE THE MONEY—NOW LISTEN!

I'LL CUT IT AN' WE'LL GO TO THE MOVIES WITH THE SAVIN'!

EATER

WE SAW THE MOVIE—NOW CUT MY HAIR!

WHAT AN AWFUL JOB! WHEW—I'LL GET IT WHEN MAMA SEES ME—OHH—

DINNY—I WOULD NOT LET YA' DOWN AN' I'LL PROVE IT TO YA—

BOY! TODDY SURE IS A REAL FELLA AFTER ALL!!

GOOD GRIEF! WHO CUT YOUR HAIR?! OH!!

TODDY DID, MAMA—BUT DON'T GET EXCITED EVERYTHING IS EVEN!

DID I GIVE HIM SOME HAIRCUT!!

MUM

HALL OF FAM

PROF SZMTOKLINSKI THE WORLD'S GREATEST

SZMTOKLINSKI

DRUG STORE

TODDY

BY

GEORGE MARCOUX

MAMA, CAN I HAVE MY PIE NOW?

NO! EAT YOUR SPINACH FIRST!

HEADS I EAT SPINACH-TAILS I DON'T!

TAILS!! I DON'T EAT IT--

GEE-AN' MAMA MAKES SUCH GOOD PIE!

BUT I GOTTA DOWN THIS SPINACH!

BOY! FINISHED!

I AIN'T HUNGRY NOW, BUT THAT PIE CAN'T BE WASTED--

-I SUFFERED TOO MUCH TO GET IT!

MORTIMER MUM

POLO SCHOOL

POLO

CYCLONES

TORNADOS

More of Toddy and Mortimer Mum in the April issue of FEATURE COMICS

SLIM and TUBBY — by John J. Welch

































SLIM and TUBBY — by John J. Welch



Slim and Tubby is continued in the April issue of FEATURE COMICS.

RUBE GOLDBERG'S SIDE SHOW

BRAIN DERBY
PARKING TEST...
WHY IS IT HARD TO GET A PERMANENT WAVE IN YOUR HAIR BUT EASY TO GET ONE IN YOUR FENDER?

AFTER TRYING TO GET OUT OF A PARKING LOT FOR THREE HOURS SHOULD YOU JUST HAVE YOUR FURNITURE SENT OVER?

OUR LONG-LEGGED CAR FOR PARKING...

OUR LATEST INVENTION
OR SIMPLE DEVICE FOR TAKING ICE CUBES FROM TRAY...
AS YOU TURN ON FAUCET 'A' STRING 'B' OPENS AMMONIA 'C'—FUMES BLIND DWARF 'D' HE FALLS OFF PLATFORM 'E' CAUSING FOOT 'F' TO PULL LEVER 'G' OF SLOT MACHINE AS JACKPOT IS HIT PILE OF NICKELS MEETS HINDUS GAZE AND HE JUMPS TO GRAB MONEY TRAY 'K' FALLS ON HINGE 'L' LANDING ON NAILS 'M' WHICH RELEASE ICE CUBES!!

LITTLE BUTCH

BAW! THE DOG CATCHER GOT FIDO!

NIBBSY

NIBBSY—THAT'S ME!

CRACKPOT COLLEGE

BOY! LOOKIT THAT GUY MALONEY CONCENTRATE!!

ASSEMBLY LINE-1940 SUPER 8

BLAME IT ON WILBUR

TWISTED TALES

LUCY, GERTIE, HONEY DEVERE, WANTED SO MUCH AN ACTIVE CAREER...

BUT ELSIE VAN SOFT HAD IN MIND, MARRIAGE OF THE NICEST KIND...

NOW LUCY'S IN AN OFFICE 'TIS TRUE, BUT SLOW BUSINESS LEAVES HER NOTHING TO DO...

WHILE ELSIE NOW MARRIED TO JOE MCDAZZLE FROM WORKING HARD, SHE'S JUST A FRAZZLE!

More of Rube Goldberg's Side Show in the April issue of FEATURE COMICS.



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

HE'S OFTEN WRONG

AW—THE SWIMMING TEACHER WILL NEVER KNOW I DOVE FROM HERE-- NOW WATCH!

FLOP!!

MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

SAY, MICKEY--- WE'LL SHOVEL OFF YOUR WALK FOR A QUARTER!

OKAY—TELL MY UNCLE PHIL TO PAY YOU WHEN YOU FINISH.

TWO BOYS ARE CLEANING OFF OUR WALK, PHILIP--- MICHAEL MUST HAVE HIRED 'EM!

IS THAT SO! WELL, WE WON'T PAY OUT ANY MONEY FER WORK I CAN DO MESELF!

YOU HEARD ME--- NOW BEAT IT!!

THOSE BOYS ARE DOIN' A WALK ACROSS THE STREET--- WHY NOT HAVE OURS FINISHED?

I SAID I'M GONNA DO IT --GET ME THE SHOVEL!!

SAY—YOU'RE GETTIN' A LITTLE BIT CROOKED THERE, AIN'TCHA, PHIL?

WHEN I WANT YOUR REMARKS, I'LL ASK FOR 'EM-- GOOD BYE!

?

WOW! LOOK WHAT THE STREET PLOW IS DOIN' TO OLD FATHEAD'S SIDEWALK!

HOT DOG!

!

WE'LL CLEAN IT--- BUT NOW IT'LL COST FIFTY CENTS!

OKAY

NIPPIE

HE'S OFTEN WRONG

DON'T PLAY CRACK THE WHIP WITH THOSE BIG FELLAS, NIPPIE!

AW—THEY AIN'T TOO BIG FOR ME!

SNAP IT!

OKAY!

HALP!!

MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

DO THE KIDS COME TO THESE LECTURES PRETTY WELL, MISTER DOUR?

NO—THEY DON'T! AND TONIGHT I DO WISH WE'D HAVE A CROWD FOR THIS VERY IMPORTANT SPEAKER!!

WHY SURE, MICKEY! WHAT TIME DOES IT START?

ABOUT EIGHT O'CLOCK I GUESS---

NO KIDDIN' MICKEY?

NO—I WOULDN'T FOOL YA--NOW TELL THE OTHER KIDS!

MY-MY-MR. DOUR--WHAT A NICE BIG AUDIENCE TO HEAR ME!!

YES— I'M SO HAPPY THAT YOU ARE SO APPRECIATED, PROFESSOR!

---AND NOW I SHALL TELL YOU ABOUT THAT GREAT PLANET, JUPITER---

THIS GUY PUTS YA TO SLEEP! I HOPE MICKEY WASN'T KIDDIN'!!

SAY!! MICKEY DON'T KID--- WAIT AN' SEE!!

THERE HE IS! HE'S WITH MR. DOUR!!

---AND YOU MEAN HE'S HERE WITH YOU?

SURE! HE'S OUT IN THE HALL—AN' HE WANTS TMEET THE PROFESSOR!

I'M SURE GLAD TO MEET YOU, PROFESSOR-- I'VE SEEN LOTS OF STARS IN MY DAY TOO!

DO YOU THINK HE'D SAY A FEW WORDS TO THE BOYS, MICKEY?

SURE

---AND NOW, BOYS—I HAVE A BIG SURPRISE FOR YOU--A MAN YOU ALL KNOW—JACK DEMPSEY!!

HOO-RAY!!

I'M AFRAID THE PROFESSOR IS WISE TO US, MICKEY!

YEAH—BUT MR. DOUR IS TICKLED, JACK!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



Follow Mickey Finn in the April issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale February 28th.

Do you like thrills, action, mystery, adventure and humor? If so, watch for some of the new comics soon to be added to

FEATURE COMICS

They will be modern fast moving comics with two fisted adventures throughout. Full of excitement, suspense and mystery, they are designed for your special enjoyment. You'll like them all.

✦

Reserve your copy of the April issue of **FEATURE COMICS** *now—on sale February 28th.*

"I SWAM FOR MY LIFE - AND WON!"

True-To-Life Experience Narrated By The Adventurous Robert Spiers Benjamin, Globe-Trotter, Author, Journalist—

"...A GRAND TYPEWRITER, MR. BENJAMIN! SO HAVE TO USE IT! SEE HOW WELL I WRITE ON IT!

YOU'D NEVER BELIEVE IT SPENT TWO DAYS ON THE BOTTOM OF THE AMAZON RIVER, WOULD YOU?

IN THE RUSH TO GET AWAY ON A SOUTH AMERICAN ASSIGNMENT, I LEFT MY OLD TYPEWRITER ON A TRAIN SO I PICKED UP A ROYAL PORTABLE ON THE WAY TO THE BOAT...

BUT I'M TOUGH ON TYPEWRITERS—!

THAT'S WHY I RECOMMEND A ROYAL PORTABLE... IT'S STURDY, DOESN'T WEIGH TOO MUCH—HAS THE "BIG MACHINE" FEATURES YOU'RE USED TO—

YOU TYPE AS FAST AS I, MR. BENJAMIN, AND I'M A SECRETARY—

YES! BUT SAYS ROYAL PORTABLE IS ONE PORTABLE THAT CAN TAKE IT—

AS WE WERE ASHORE, THE PORTER DROPPED MY ROYAL PORTABLE— IT BOUNCED DOWN THE GANGPLANK TO THE DOCK—

TOUGH LUCK, MR. BENJAMIN— YOU'LL HAVE TO GET A NEW TYPEWRITER—

I WANT TO BET MY MONEY'S ON THE ROYAL PORTABLE—

—AND EVEN RIGHT, THE TYPEWRITER ITSELF WAS UNHARMED! FOR THE NEXT MONTH I USED IT DAILY—

WE START BACK, YOKOHOMA, PEDRO—

SI, SI, SENOR— BIEN! FINE!

BARELY WERE THE WORDS OUT OF PEDRO'S MOUTH WHEN WE STRUCK A SUBMERGED ROCK NEAR SHORE... IN A TWINKLING WE WERE IN THE WATER—

SWIM, SENOR! SWIM! FOR YOUR LIFE! PIRANHAS!!

—I LIVED A LIFETIME IN THE NEXT FEW SECONDS, BUT WE ALL MADE SHORE SAFELY

PIRANHAS—SMALL, MOBACKED FRESH-WATER FISH ATTRACTED BY BLOOD, SCHOOLS ATTACK ANY LIVING THING, QUICKLY STRIPPING FLESH FROM BONES WITH THEIR SHARP-EDGED TEETH. RABID—INHABITS OF THE TROPICAL AMERICAS—

NEXT DAY WE RECKLESSLY OUR LUGGAGE, FOUND OUT THE ROYAL HAD DIED LATER—

SHE RUNS FINE! EH, SENOR!

JUST AS GOOD AS EVER, PEDRO— THESE ROYALS CAN TAKE IT!

AND THAT FOLKS, IS THE STORY OF THE ROYAL PORTABLE I'M TYPING JUST USED. IT STILL RUNS PERFECTLY, AFTER 3 YEARS AT HARD LABOR—

"ROYAL! IT'S THE FASTEST AND MOST ACCURATE PORTABLE I EVER USED!" says Albert Tangora



...of course, you can own a New Royal Portable— any boy or girl can! Here's a chance to prove it to your parents —show them, without risking a penny, what really sweet-looking typing you—yes, YOU, even with no experience, can turn out!"

TRY THIS ROYAL PORTABLE IN YOUR OWN HOME FREE!



SEND NO MONEY... Just mail the coupon today... for details of Royal's Home Trial Plan. Actually you can't even begin to realize how easy the New Royal makes typing—how its many office typewriter features and controls will help you! Think of doing homework positively in half the time... easier—more accurate, too! Think of owning a typewriter that's the envy of every boy or girl in the neighborhood! You can... it's a cinch. But, first, get the FACTS.

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